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S01E06 - VI

Normal view 1.

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se and Zoe enter the lion's den; as Harper ends one partnership, another ins.

(*crickets chirping*)

(*soft clattering*)

(*door opens*)

CHASE

Where is she?

Where is she?

(*panting*)

Oh, no. (*moaning*)

No!

Oh, no!

No.

ABBEY

It's all right.

W-We need to find her.

No, we don't.

Who-who are you?

I'm the one you let in.

I'm the one who let you in.

I know who you are.

I see you.

I think we both know that isn't true.

(*thunder crashes*)

(*soft chime*)

(*woman speaking French on P.A.*)

(*grunts*)

ZOE

You okay?

Yes.

(*compartment opens*)

(*compartment closes*)

Write your name on there.

Why?

Go on.

Which one?

Your real one.

This is something I used to do early on to help me get my head straight before I stepped into a new op.

Yeah, all right. Now, put it in there.

Yeah, go on, in the water.

Yeah.

Now, see, your name... is still in there somewhere.

But it's got to let go of you for a while, and you got to let go of it.

Huh?

When you walk out the door, it stays behind, you know?

And you figure out a way to put it back together again when it's time.

Far be it from me to tell you how to do your job, but that seems like a problematic metaphor.

Oh?

This isn't reversible.

In any way.

Whate-Whatever this is, it can't go back to what it was.

Oh...

I see.

That's the price you pay for your line of work.

Um, that's the price you pay for waking up in the morning.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Merci, monsieur.

Everything's in free fall, all the time.

We're not wired to cope with that, so we've all agreed to pretend that it isn't happening.

But it is.

What about you?

How different are you now than you were then?

Oh. You mean, now that, uh, your life is in my hands, you're curious whether I'm up to whatever we're gonna find out there?

(*chuckles*)

Ah.

I guess we're about to find out.

CHERYL

I-I've never second-guessed about your work, and I'm not gonna start now.

But this is bad, Harold.

What are you hearing?

That you aided and abetted the escape of a fugitive spy.

And that you may have then tried to have that spy murdered to prevent his capture.

I mean, we've-we've seen people ruined for less.

Well, we've seen people weather worse.

Not whole.

Not in any form that we recognized after.

A-A lawyer called this morning, and as he was telling me how he could help us, I realized that this person would be happy to take every cent that we have to defend you.

We've definitely seen that.

I mean, that happens all the time.

And I looked at Henry.

And it was all I could do not to lose it.

What'd you say to him?

Oh, I didn't know what to say.

I... I handed the phone off.

You handed...

Is your sister there?

(*sighs*) No.

Hold on, he wants to talk to you.

Who?

Harold, I came as soon as I heard.

Are you all right?

Cheryl mentioned it was a rough flight between you and Angela.

Is my wife in the room with you?

No, she's just gone to put Henry to bed.

Good.

What the fuck do you think happened?

I see.

You planted a mole in my office.

You made me an accessory to I don't know how many crimes.

I gave you a daughter.

That was the result. I want to know the intent.

What difference does the intent make with that result?

It makes some difference to me.

Because he asked.

Despite all he'd done, I s... I still loved him.

And he asked me to help him protect his only child, so I did as he asked.

The same as I would have done for you.

The same as I can do for you... now.

You're gonna help me now?

Ask me to fix this, Harold, and I will.

How?

I have always felt some connection to those surgeons on the battlefields of the Civil War.

In the middle of all that suffering, armed only with a saw for the bone and dope for the pain, and asked to do the unthinkable...

Sever the parts to save the whole.

I've always felt that is my profession too.

To ignore the blood and the wailing and decide what allows for the greatest possible good.

It's what I taught you to do, so I imagine you can see where this is going.

If Angela Adams is never heard from again, this can all be laid at her feet.

And you can be free of it.

No.

That identity may have been born out of love, but it has become malignant.

A danger to the things it's connected to.

Even the girl herself might be saved, if she can separate from the name.

Out in the wild, maybe she can find a way to recover.

(*door closes*)

I hear Cheryl returning.

Tell me where you are.

Ask me for my help... and you will get it.

Is everything all right at home?

Yeah.

It'll be a lot better when I get back there.

Yes, it will.

(*indistinct chatter*)

(*traffic driving past*)

(*boy calling out in Arabic*)

(*bell tinkling*)

(*speaks Arabic*)

I think you may be right.

I'm always right.

You're gonna have to be more specific.

Bote.

That he might be slipping.

I thought you said he was fine when you sat with him.

I did.

Told myself he seemed fine.

Told you he seemed fine.

Been telling myself he seemed fine over and over again, all the way here.

Then I'm realizing anything I got to tell myself that many times maybe isn't as true as I want it to be.

Look, I get it.

You've been through a lot with him.

So it makes sense that you don't want to see that it may be all coming to an end.

I think that's the problem.

It can't just come to an end.

Everything comes to an end.

Yeah, but someone's got to do what he does.

Keep an eye on the world the way he does.

Know the game the way he does.

Who's gonna do it if it isn't him?

What he's asking of us here... it's a lot to ask.

And if he's wrong about any part of it... we're gonna be up a fuck¡ng creek.

(*birds chirping*)

(*speaking French*)

Monsieur. Merci, monsieur.

(*door closes*)

(*water running*)

♪ ♪

I need to understand what this is.

Yeah, all right.

Well, this afternoon is Pavlovich's reception.

Now, we gain entrance.

Uh, I-I make contact. And then somehow...

I don't know... I convince him to help us.

To kill Faraz Hamzad.

Yeah.

I understand.

But that is not what I meant.

I want to understand how your world works.

Will you explain it to me?

CHASE

Lesson number one.

All tradecraft is waged wielding two weapons in concert.

In your left hand, uh, is your empathy.

Your ability to read people, know what they want, what they need.

What they fear.

What, uh, may give them hope.

Cause them shame.

And then, uh, in your other hand... you've got your ruthlessness.

The willingness to use all that insight against them, uh...

And when both of those two knives are sharp, you'd be amazed what they can cut through.

And that's something you're taught?

Mm-hmm.

Well, a little bit.

But I learned by doing, mostly.

Emotionally carving strangers to pieces through trial and error sounds messy.

Ah, you have no idea.

Don't I?

Oh, do you?

The day we met.

Mm-hmm.

When you cooked for me, told me stories and were charming, that's what you were doing, wasn't it?

Disassembling me to see how I worked?

Applying pressure to the seams so that I'd let you stay?

Was it difficult?

Was I difficult to disassemble and manipulate?

It's not really a "hard or easy" kind of thing.

Everyone's, you know, wired so differently...

It's really a simple question.

Yeah, not very hard.

Really?

Yeah.

Okay.

I really want to know how to do this.

You haven't, uh... heard the catch yet, though.

Oh? What's the catch?

Uh, the catch... is that once you turn it on you can't turn it off.

Ever.

Now every time you meet someone, you get close to someone, you lay eyes on them, you'll be thinking... how easy it would be to use them, you know.

Hurt 'em, discard them.

And maybe you wonder if, you know, maybe they're doing it to you too, now.

Maybe you can never really trust anyone ever again.

Still want me to go on?

Well, friend, I haven't really trusted anyone for a very long time, so why the fuck would I want to start now?

Lesson number two.

When communications are compromised, always have a reserve.

Uh, Emily and I, we share this account.

Double digit primes on the left, that means she's okay.

Crooked number that follows... that means she's on her way to my location.

She's coming.

HARPER

You know, there's a pretty good chance that he's not terribly happy to see me.

This is gonna be a lot less Three Musketeers than you're hoping for.

You are underestimating him.

Again.

So whose idea was the reserve comms with the bank account?

His.

It's clever.

Is that the only way you speak to each other?

No.

How else?

This isn't an interrogation.

Yes, it is.

Okay.

Maybe it is. But not that way.

You tell me I only half know you.

I'm trying.

(*clears throat*)

We speak on the phone.

Burner phones?

Yes.

Where?

Depends on the time of day, on my way to work.

There's a garage on 10th and F.

And at night, a playground in my neighborhood.

What about travel?

What about it?

When was the last time you saw him?

Fall, 2012.

What about your mother's funeral?

I didn't go.

We both felt it was too dangerous.

I wrote down what I felt I needed to say and I asked him to put it in the casket with her.

So, all that time... all you've been to him are sounds on the phone.

A voice without a body.

Don't do that.

Do what?

Diminish it.

He's made sacrifices for me.

I've made sacrifices for them.

That's what it took to protect each other.

Doesn't make him any less of a father.

What's left when all there is is sacrifice?

Clarity.

Because I know there is nothing he wouldn't give up for me.

Or me for him.

That's what love is.

♪ ♪

(*speaking indistinctly*)

Tell me again how you know a person like this.

He's gonna remember you, right?

Oh, yeah.

♪ ♪

What is that for?

Down the corridor there is a door I've left open.

It leads to a passage that will take you clear of the village.

I assume you can find your way from there.

She sent you.

To release me.

Then why are my hands still bound?

You are the one they talk about.

I've heard the stories.

You are Hamzad's monster.

They say he trusts you like no other.

Clearly, his wife does too.

She's kept this from him, I assume.

He doesn't know you're here, does he?

What a contortion she's put you in.

Maybe even you aren't yet certain what the knife is for.

♪ ♪

Get out.

(*indistinct conversations in Dari*)

♪ ♪

The Russian is gone.

He escaped during the night.

Somehow freed himself from his bindings.

Last night I had a dream I have had many times before, since I was a boy.

I'm alone.

And I sense a presence behind me.

I can feel its breath, but I am too afraid to turn to look.

It whispers in a language I feel I once knew but no longer understand.

And though the words have no meaning, I am consumed by terror.

Because I know... it is saying things I am afraid to say about myself.

And I know that they are true.

And I awoke in a cold sweat, as I always do.

And I turned to my wife, as I always have.

And she was not there.

My wife sometimes wanders at night.

She always has.

Why? I don't know why.

There are puzzles within her that when solved, only ever lead to new puzzles.

I love her despite it.

Sometimes I believe I may love her because of it.

But this...

This is something different.

She would never do this.

She would know what this would mean.

(*indistinct conversations*)

Do you know which one he is?

Yeah.

'Cause there's a lot of old white guys here that kind of look the same.

Uh-huh.

Second table from the stairs.

Excuse me, do you have a pen?

Thank you.

Stay here.

If anything gets weird, I'm coming to get you and we're going right back where we came from.

Define weird, please.

You'll know.

Right here. Don't move.

Clear?

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

(*man speaking French on P.A.*)

Hang on, I've got to grab something.

What's up?

By the exit. Tan jacket.

Yeah.

I'm pretty sure he's DGST.

Yeah.

Actually, I think I introduced you to him at some function or another.

Abdellatif somebody.

Rahmani.

I called him.

While you were in the head, on the train.

What for?

There are two people in my secure text contacts.

My dad.

And your grandson.

Henry texts me before he goes to sleep at night sometimes.

Did you know that?

No, I didn't.

You should keep an eye on that.

Especially when he gets a little older.

The other night he told me that Cheryl took him upstairs when an old man came to visit.

Came in a big black car with a driver.

He said it scared him.

I have no idea who it might have been but my guess is that if somebody from the seventh floor came to visit that you would've told me.

Unless... whatever he had to say scared you too.

And so you called Abdellatif Rahmani to help get me on a plane and send me home.

Yes.

You shouldn't have done that.

What did the seventh floor say that scared you?

It wasn't anyone from the Bureau.

Who was it?

It was Morgan Bote.

He offered to get me off the hook for all of this if I put you on the hook in my place.

To leave you here, behind, to disappear into the wild, and he would see my name cleared at home.

And what did you say?

I told him to get the hell out of my house.

What are you to me?

You're a complication in my life that I didn't want.

You're a wooden toy asking to be made real.

I can't help you there.

You're a felon. You're a traitor.

You're a threat to my family, my career, my legacy, my life.

But when I was offered a magic wand to just make all this go away, to make you... go away...

God help me, I-I couldn't stomach the thought of it.

You should take it.

What?

You should take him up on his offer.

I'll take the hit.

No, we're not gonna do that.

I'll take it.

You and I could go round and round, but there are other people involved in this.

People who didn't ask to be.

And those people go to the front of the line.

That's what my fathers taught me.

I'm going to fix this for them.

And you're gonna do your part by letting me do it.

It won't work.

In that part of the world, with his resources, Faraz Hamzad is a ghost.

He cannot be approached. He cannot be touched.

He cannot be killed, no matter what your dad says.

Okay, I'm underestimating him.

Again.

I think we both know that this has to happen.

Your story gets a happy ending.

I'm still not even sure what mine is really about.

I have to go figure that out.

No matter where it takes me.

♪ ♪

(*boy calling out in Arabic*)

(*bell tinkling*)

♪ ♪

Assistant Director.

Yeah.

This way.

♪ ♪

(*indistinct conversations*)

May I offer you something to drink, ma'am?

Please.

How much do I owe you?

No, no, ma'am.

Got it.

KRUGER

It is going to be so very tempting to blame yourself for that.

(*both laughing*)

I'd suggest you resist the urge.

You saw that, huh?

Mm-hmm.

Not to worry, your secret is safe with me, Zoe.

Who are you?

Let's go someplace we can speak privately.

Take a seat.

(*door closes*)

(*grunts softly*)

Sergei, you are too young to know this name.

But if you served in the Afghan War, it was a name that made for nightmares.

Baba Ghor Ghori.

The monster from children's make-believe... who once saved my life.

I wasn't sure you'd remember.

Of all the debts I've owed in my life, I never doubted that, uh, someday this one would be called.

Considering what it cost us to help you escape, I think, well, what I'm here to ask you for is pretty reasonable.

What happened in the aftermath of it all?

I made inquiries, but I was never able to find out what came of Belour.

Oh, Belour, no. You wouldn't have found her.

No, once she left Afghanistan, that person ceased to exist.

And you knew the person she became.

Mm.

By another name, yes.

What name is that?

The wife.

Wife?

(*chuckling*)

I don't imagine her husband was very happy about that.

No, he was not. No.

He held a grudge for 30 years.

And he's finally gained leverage to act on it.

Now he wants me dead.

So I got to get to him first.

What does this have to do with me?

You recruited his wife as a Soviet asset, you started his whole world unraveling.

He's already tried to settle his grudge he's got with me, what's to say that he won't address the one he's got with you next?

Is that what he thought?

That I recruited her?

Is that what you think?

(*clicks tongue*)

I was student in Moscow when I met her.

I thought I was pursuing her, but even at the time, I think I knew it wasn't so simple.

That she was, um... expert in triggering, uh, the instinct to pursue.

The closer we got...

I more felt split in two.

Half of me falling in love with her.

But, uh, the other half... questioning.

Does she feel the same way?

Or is this all because she knows... my father is GRU?

Maybe both were true.

Maybe only the latter. Who knows.

But years later... when I received her first overture, offering me informations in exchange for undermining her husband's rivals...

I think I knew whatever fantasies lingered about her were just that.

Fantasies.

You both called her "wife."

And you never knew any of that.

Hard to fathom. (*chuckles*)

Though it does make, uh, today's events a little easier to understand.

Today's events?

Faraz Hamzad's lawyer is guest of mine today.

She came to say that, uh, if I were to come across any information concerning your whereabouts, uh, that might win me Hamzad's favor.

Up until that moment, I wasn't aware that was something I had any need for.

When you see him, tell him I said hello.

Sergei.

(*grunting*)

That's twice.

(*door opens*)

KRUGER

This is all going to be over shortly.

Prompt answers are of benefit to everyone.

As far as I can tell, there are two scenarios and only two.

You're here voluntarily or you're here involuntarily.

Can you tell me with which I'm dealing?

How did you recognize me?

Your photo was in the police report.

From the event at your house.

My relationship with my client forces me, from time to time, into the most unpleasant positions.

I represent him, even in those moments, because I'm good at it, because it's lucrative... and because the moment I stop, he will find somebody else to continue.

In this moment...

I am trying to seize an opportunity to maybe do something decent in the midst of it all.

Maybe you should consider letting me.

And your client...

You could guarantee he'd go along with that?

You're not his priority.

I can guarantee you that.

(*man shouting in French*)

(*gunshots*)

♪ ♪

Excusez, Mrs. Dixon.

Come with me, please.

(*gun cocks*)

(*gunshots*)

(*woman screaming*)

(*clamoring*)

Stay right here.

At the bar.

Is that not what I said?

I did stay by the bar until Faraz Hamzad's lawyer told me she knew who I really was and told me to follow her.

She knew your name?

Yes.

All right, you probably had to follow her.

That's what I thought.

What did she say?

She said she could get me out of all this safely.

Yeah, and?

What did you say?

I'm here, aren't I?

(*engine stops*)

(*siren wails*)

MAN (*ON BULLHORN*)

We have you surrounded!

Do not attempt to flee!

♪ ♪

So, how do you want to do this?

Where's my daughter?

I know she was with you, where is she now?

She's been taken.

Taken?

Taken by who?

The old man.

We're gonna go get her back.

(*rooster calls*)

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